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THE FATHER OF THE OCEAN CABLE.

Twenty-six years ago, in mid-summer, the greatest steamship in the world was ploughing her way slowly across the blue rollers of the Atlantic, westward. The "Great Eastern" had left Valencia, Ireland, on July 13, 1866, carrying the Atlantic cable. On the 27th of that month she steamed into Heart's Content harbor, her task completed and the cable laid that united the Old and New Worlds. On the Sunday morning following, a message of thanks to God for the successful accomplishment of the great work was read in thousands of Christian churches in Europe and America. That message was sent from Heart's Content, by Cyrus West Field, who had throughout been the moving spirit in the enterprise. On the twelfth day of July, 1892, twenty-six years later, he passed away after a severe illness, at his home in New York city.

The story of this man's life, now closed, is one full of interest and significance. He was born at Stockbridge, Mass., November 30th, 1819. His father was the Rev. David Dudley Field, a clergyman of eminence, a citizen of Stockbridge, Mass., and who died there in 1867 at the age of eighty-six. Cyrus was the third son of the family. He received his early education in his native town, and subsequently became a clerk in New York. In the course of a few years, he had so prospered that he became the proprietor of a large mercantile establishment. In 1854, he was induced to turn his attention to the subject of Ocean Telegraphy, and was instrumental in procuring a charter from the Legislature of Newfoundland, granting the exclusive right for fifty years to use a telegraph from New York to that colony, and thence to Europe. All are now so familiar with the use of the telegraph across the ocean that they are apt to forget, perhaps, how recent a thing it is. It is only thirty-eight years ago that the project was first conceived.

On March 10th, 1854, the commencement of what is known as "deep sea telegraphy" took place. On that day was signed the agreement to organize the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company, the object of which was to establish a line of telegraphic communication between America and Newfoundland. The company was formed in Mr. Cyrus Field's house in Gramercy Park, New York, and it was composed of six individuals: Peter Cooper, Mr. Moses Taylor, Mr. Cyrus West Field, Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, Mr. Chandler White, and Wilson G. Hunt. Mr. David Dudley Field, Mr. Cyrus Field's eldest brother, was present as the legal adviser of the Company, and afterwards went to St. John's to obtain the charter. Some small efforts had been previously attempted in Europe to transmit messages under water, first across the river Rhine, a half a mile in width, and next across the British Channel. This American Company, however, was the first to propose to span the ocean. As soon as the line had been completed between New York and Newfoundland, Mr. Cyrus Field went to London, and in 1856 he was successful in organizing the Atlantic Telegraphic Company. The first attempt to lay the cable was made in 1857, but the ships had sailed no farther than 300 miles from the Irish coast when the cable broke and the expedition had to return.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

The following year the attempt was renewed. The British Government supplied a war vessel, the "Agamemnon," and the the United States Government a fine frigate, "Niagara," for the enterprise. It was agreed that the two vessels should meet in mid-Atlantic, each carrying one-half the cable. These were then to be joined, and the splice being lowered, the English vessel was to sail for England and the "Niagara" for America, each vessel paying out the cable as she proceeded. Before the two vessels had reached mid-ocean a storm arose, and the English "Agamemnon" had a narrow escape from foundering. When at last the cable was joined, on July 29th, 1858, it was broken several times in the attempt to lay it, and again the expedition returned to England almost in despair. One more effort was resolved upon, and it was successful, for the cable stretched from shore to shore, and messages were exchanged between Europe and America. For only three weeks, however, could the cable be used, and not until eight years after, in 1866, when two new cables had been manufactured, one of which, after being paid out 1,200 miles, was broken in mid-ocean but was afterward "fished" up and carried to the shore of Newfoundland was success achieved.

It is needless to say that in all these efforts, at which a glance only has been taken, Mr. Cyrus Field took a prominent part. It is admitted by all competent authorities that the success which crowned the work at last was in a great measure due to his unflagging energy. It has been stated that while the plan was in progress he crossed the Atlantic more than fifty times. Congress gave him a gold medal in commemoration of his successful enterprise and he also received a Grand Medal at the Paris Exhibition.

Perhaps no scene in Mr. Field's life will better display the esteem in which he was held by his friends than one which took place about thirteen years ago. On March 10th, 1879, Mr. Field issued invitations to a large number of gentlemen to a reception at his house, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day on which it had been resolved to lay down the cable. At a quarter past ten the guests took their places in the dining-room where the original compact was formed, and their host addressed them briefly, reciting the story of his struggles in perfecting the great cable project, and testifying to his unwavering confidence in God's goodness in bringing it to final triumph. At that time he said:

"Twenty-five years ago there was not an ocean telegraph in the world. A few short lines had been laid across the Channel from England to the Continent, but all were in shallow water. Even science hardly dared to conceive the possibility of sending human intelligence through the abysses of the ocean. But when we struck out to cross the Atlantic, we had to lay a cable over 2,000 miles long, in water over two miles deep. That great success gave an immense impulse to submarine telegraphy, then in its infancy, but which has since grown till it has stretched out its fingers tipped with fire into all the waters of the globe. 'Its lines have gone into all the earth, and its words unto the end of the world.' To-day there are over 70,000 miles of cable crossing the seas and the oceans, and as if it were not enough to have messages sent with the speed of the lightning, they can be sent in opposite directions at the same moment. Who can measure the effect of this swift intelligence—passing to and fro? Already it regulates the markets of the world; but better still is the new relation into which it brings the different kindreds of mankind. Nations are made enemies by their ignorance of each other. A better acquaintance leads to a better understanding; the sense of nearness, the relation of neigborhood, awakens the feelings of brotherhood. Is it not a sign that a better age is coming, when along the ocean beds strewn with the wrecks of war now glide the messages of peace? But life is passing, and perhaps the completing the circuit of the globe is to be left to other hands. Many of our old companions have fallen and we must soon give place to our successors. But though we shall pass away, it is a satisfaction to have been able to do something that shall remain when we are gone.

When completed, the first message flashed through the cable was, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men."

In a recent article on this one great episode of his life, Mr. Field graphically described his position and feelings during the long series of experiments in cable-laying. So disastrous had been the result of the first experiments, financially, that even his

most intimate associates had decided to withdraw. At a meeting of stockholders in London, when the proposition came up to equip the "Great Eastern," several of the gentlemen present, including a leading officer of the company, retired from the room, preferring by that act to signify their total disapproval, rather than to express themselves in a manner that must have pained Mr. Field, whose whole existence seemed bound up in the enterprise. He thereupon announced his intention of sacrificing his entire fortune and taking up one-fourth of the new stock. Had it miscarried, he would have been a beggar; but his trust in God's blessing resting on the project was abundantly rewarded, and when the cable was laid, his first act, even before telegraphing the news to the world, was to fall on his knees on the floor of his cabin and with tears of joy pour out his tribute of thanks to the Lord for his goodness.

The latter years of this noble life were darkened with sorrow. Misfortunes came heavily upon him, through the wrongdoing of a very near member of his own household, and the man who, for his services to the commercial world, might have heaped up riches, was really poor. In his recent illness, a pathetic passage was reached when, in his delirium, he imagined himself again laying the Atlantic cable. He conceived that there was something wrong, and ordered to "Stop the ship!"

Mr. Field has been in many enterprises, and at times it seemed as though everything he touched turned to gold. Yet, although the world has robbed him of the rewards with which it allures men, and although for all his services in its behalf he has reaped only a harvest of care and anxiety, the name of Cyrus W. Field will endure, and his ardor, self-sacrificing generosity and Christian nobleness of soul will be remembered throughout the world.—*Christian Herald.*

HOW THE TENTH SAVED A MAN.

Mrs. N. M. Claflin, relates in the Chicago *Interior* this telling incident illustrative of the influence of a good habit early formed:—Returning from one of our large missionary gatherings, several years ago, I found myself seated with a woman whose very expressive face I had several times noticed during the sessions of the meeting. We naturally spoke of subjects of especial interest presented, and I said it hardly seemed consistent for us now to have no higher standard of giving than that of the Mosaic law—when a Christian and all that he has belongs to Christ for his service—to say a tenth should be the standard, seems like levying a tax, instead of giving a free-will offering. "Oh," she replied, "if we know anything of the blessedness of giving, we will not stop at the tenth. Why, when last fall I had forty dollars to help pay the debt of the American Board, I am sure no one got more real pleasure out of forty dollars than I did out of that; but my experience has made me love the old law, and I will tell you why. My father was a New England pastor, and we children were brought up to regard a tenth of the little we had as belonging to the Lord—given to us that we might have the privilege of giving it back to him, and we would have considered it stealing from the Lord to have used a penny of that tenth for ourselves. When I was old enough to teach, a tenth of my wages belonged to the Lord; I never questioned it. I married and came West with my husband, and in a few years the war came. My husband enlisted, and just five weeks from the time he left us the message came that he was shot in the battle of Antietam—killed instantly, and I could not even know where he was buried. But I could not sit down with my sorrow. I had two boys, the elder four years and the baby three months old, and I must take care of them. I had our home and that was about all. I must do some work that could be done at home, and I finally decided on taking in washing and ironing. The Lord helped me, and I brought up my children as I was brought up. They each had then little to divide, and we put the Lord's tenth by itself as sacred to this service, and under no circumstances to be used for ourselves. When Charlie was about eighteen years old I began to realize what real trouble was. He seemed to change all at once—was dissatisfied with everything, and wanted to go West and make his fortune. Nothing that anyone could say or do seemed to have any influence with him, and I had to let him go. Sometimes I would not hear from him for weeks, and I knew he was not doing well. I lived through the five years he was gone. Then he came home without the fortune he went for, but he was a Christian man. In telling me of his life while away, he said: 'Mother, it was the habit of giving the tenth that saved me. It was so natural to put it aside whenever I received money that at first I did it almost without thinking; then afterward I was angry with myself for being bound by a habit, though I could not quite make up my mind to break away from it. One night, being unusually reckless, I said to myself: Now I am going to get rid of that superstitious notion once for all; the money is mine; I'll take this tenth and pay it for a drink of brandy and that will end it. I went into a saloon, called for the liquor and was in such a hurry to carry out my resolution that before the waiter could get the brandy I threw the money on the counter. That instant I was seized by such a horror—a something I never could describe—I don't know what it was, but I know I shall never need any other proof that there is such a place or state as hell than I had then. I caught up the money and rushed out and did not stop till I was away from everybody and everything but the earth and the sky, and then I sat down and did some serious thinking. I felt sure that another step in the direction I had been going was destruction, and that my only choice of escape was to turn back, and I did it.' You may be sure Charlie's experience set me to thinking, and I wondered that I had never before realized the value of the habit of tithing." The train stopped, and she was hastily gathering her belongings to leave. I said: "Why did you not relate this when the subject was being discussed; it is more to the point than anything that was said?" "Me tell it!" she exclaimed. "Why, I never spoke in meeting in my life."

MAKE USE OF OLD LIBRARIES.

Send unused books to needy districts. There are many places where they would be prized and serve useful purposes. The *Pilgrim Teacher* tells of a Sunday-school at Flint, Mich., which "sent two hundred volumes of their library to a school in Kansas, and intend to build up a first-class library by adding a few good books from time to time. The best libraries are built up in this way and do not need to be exchanged. This school sent their primary teacher to a summer school to learn kindergarten methods of Sunday-school work. They think it a good plan and recommend it to others."

WORK FOR THE CHILDREN.

Get the children to working for the missionary cause, and see how their interest in it will be increased, and how their gains will multiply! As an illustration, we give the following statement contained in one of our exchanges: "The school at South Britain, Conn., took some ten-cent shares last spring in the Five Points Mission, New York. All sorts of investments were made by the scholars, some putting the money into garden seeds, and others doing some trading, &c. At the harvest festival the various sums were called in, and were found to have aggregated one hundred dollars. But then, it is missionary money that has this capacity for reproducing itself sixty to an hundredfold."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

DON'T BE TOO SENSITIVE.

Teachers should guard against an oversensitiveness in their work. It is right and proper to be sensitive to just criticism and to improve upon it; but there is a kind of criticism against which one must be proof. The judgment of ignorance, prejudice, envy, hastiness and uncharitableness is beneath a conscientious and intelligent teacher's notice, and should not be allowed to worry, distract, or discourage him. A little philosophy, as well as a proper Christian independence and fidelity, will help amazingly at times to lift the sensitive above the annoyance and distress engendered by what others say of them. Have regard to the truth and justice of what is said, as well as to the source of the remarks made. Utilize what is good and right in what you hear, but reject what is little and unworthy in the suggestions offered. None of us are above criticism, but we can use what is said about our spirit, methods and results in a way to display a nobility of temper and conduct by making due allowances for human nature, and at the same time obtain personal profit by being all the more incited to faithful service for Christ in our spheres of labor.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 25, 1892.

THE LORD'S SUPPER PROFANED.

1 Cor. 11:20-31.

(Quarterly Temperance Lesson.)

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup."—1 Cor. 11:28.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Cor. 11:20-31.—The Lord's Supper Profaned.
T. Lev. 10:1-11.—Offering Strange Fire.
W. Exod. 12:1-14.—The Passover Instituted.
Th. Matt. 26:20-35.—The Last Passover.
F. Luke 22:10-20.—The Lord's Supper.
S. 1. Cor. 10:11-33.—One Bread, One Body.
S. Heb. 10:10-31.—One Sacrifice for Sin.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Profaning the Lord's Supper. vs. 20-22.
II. Rightly Observing the Lord's Supper. vs. 23-28.
III. Counsels Concerning the Lord's Supper. vs. 29-31.

TIME.—A.D. 57, early in the year; Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Agrippa II. king of Chalcis.

PLACE.—Written from Ephesus, toward the close of Paul's three years' stay in that city.

OPENING WORDS.

The Lord's Supper was introduced into Corinth with the gospel. But it suffered a shocking profanation. According to an old Grecian usage, the idolaters made sacrificial feasts in their temples. Each of those participating brought with him food and wine for his own use, whereby the rich were surfeited, and the poor were left in hunger. The Corinthian Christians introduced this custom into the Lord's Supper, desecrating the holy ordinance by the selfishness, gluttony, pride and revelry of the rich, and the envy and resentment of the poor. This abuse gave rise to divisions in the church, between the rich and the poor. 1 Cor. 11:18, 19. In the lesson to-day Paul rebukes this profanation of holy things, points out the right method of celebrating the Lord's Supper, and gives appropriate cautions and warnings.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

20. *This is not to eat the Lord's Supper*—Revised Version, "It is not possible to eat the Lord's supper." The next verse gives the reason why. 21. *Every one taketh*—he eats and drinks by himself what he has brought. One does not wait for another. *One is hungry*—has nothing to eat. *Another is drunken*—over-full, perhaps intoxicated. There is nothing like a communion or a solemn religious service. It is a selfish revel, in which the rule is, "every man for himself." 22. *Have you not houses*—if you intend to have a mere feast, give it at home. Do not thus desecrate this holy ordinance by your selfishness, gluttony, pride and intemperate revelry. 23. *For I have received*—not from the disciples who were present, but *of the Lord*—by direct revelation from the Lord Jesus. Gal. 1:12. *Which also I delivered unto you*—he had when preaching in Corinth explained orally the nature of the ordinance and the mode of administering it. *The same night*—this fact gave unusual solemnity to the ordinance and rebuked the sacrilege above described, as did everything pertaining to its right observance, as set forth in verses 23-28. 27. *Unworthily*—in an unworthy manner. This is explained in verses 20-22. To make a common feast of the Lord's Supper, to be greedy and drunken, to treat the poor saints with neglect or contempt, is to "eat and drink unworthily." *Guilty of the body, etc.*—treats the symbols of Christ's body, and so Christ himself, with indignity. 29. Revised Version, "He that eateth and drinketh, eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself, if he discern not the body."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PROFANING THE LORD'S SUPPER. vs. 20-22.—For what did Paul reprove the Corinthian church? How did they profane the Lord's Supper? How had these abuses been introduced? What did they show as to the habits of those who were guilty of them? What lesson of temperance is here taught? How may we profane the Lord's Supper?

II. RIGHTLY OBSERVING THE LORD'S SUPPER. vs. 23-28.—From whom did Paul receive the account of the institution of the Lord's Supper? What two symbols are used in the ordinance? What is represented by the *bread*? By the *breaking* of the bread? By the *wine*? Meaning of *this is my body*? Of *this is my blood*? Why should we observe the Lord's Supper? What preparation should we make for it?

III. COUNSELS CONCERNING THE LORD'S SUPPER. vs. 29-31.—Why is self-examination in preparation for the Lord's Supper important? Explain verse 29. What calamities had the profanation of the Lord's Supper brought upon the Corinthian church? What counsels did the apostle give them? How did he enforce these counsels? What further directions did he promise?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Self-indulgence, intemperance and revelry unfit those who are guilty of them for the Lord's Supper.

2. What unfits us for the acceptable observance of the Lord's Supper should be avoided in our daily life.

3. We should be constant and consistent examples of Christian temperance.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How was the Lord's Supper profaned in the Corinthian church? Ans. It was made a feast of intemperate revelry.

2. What did the apostle do in this matter? Ans. He rebuked the profanation and pointed out the proper mode of observing the Lord's Supper.

3. What counsel did he give? Ans. Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.

4. With what reason did he enforce this counsel? Ans. For he that eateth and drinketh, eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself, if he discern not the Lord's body.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN ACTS.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 2, 1892.

SAUL OF TARSUS CONVERTED.—Acts 9:1-20.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 15-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3:3.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 9:1-20.—Saul of Tarsus Converted.
T. Acts 22:1-16.—Paul's Defence in Jerusalem
W. Acts 26:1-20.—Paul's Defence Before Agrippa.
Th. 1 Cor. 15:1-17.—"Seen of Me Also."
F. Phil. 3:1-14.—All Things Loss.
S. Eph. 2:1-10.—Saved by Grace.
S. 1 Tim. 1:12-17.—The Chief of Sinners.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Saul as a Persecutor. vs. 1, 2.
II. Saul Meeting Jesus. vs. 3-9.
III. Saul and Ananias. vs. 10-17.
IV. Saul as a Christian. vs. 18-20.

TIME.—A.D. 37; midsummer. Caligula emperor of Rome; Vitellius governor of Syria, with Antioch for his capital; no successor of Pilate deposed, late governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee.

PLACE.—Near Damascus and in that city, 120 miles north-east of Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Our lesson to-day tells us of one of the most signal events in the history of the Church. Saul was of the tribe of Benjamin, a native of Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia, and a free-born Roman citizen. He was young, learned, ambitious, a member of the Sanhedrin, a strict Pharisee, and exceedingly violent in his hatred of the followers of Jesus. How this bold persecutor was converted to the faith he was trying to destroy we learn to-day. Parallel accounts, Acts 22:1-16; 26:1-20.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

2. *Letters*—clothing him with authority from the council. *Damascus*—perhaps the oldest city known to history. It has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand. *Unto Jerusalem*—for imprisonment or death. 3. *A light*—the visible symbol of the divine presence. In the midst of that glory Christ was seen by Saul (1 Cor. 15:8). 4. *Heard a voice*—he heard the words, which were for him alone. The men with him heard the sound, but did not distinguish the words spoken (see vers 7). *Why persecutest thou me?*—Christ and his people are one; what is done to them is done to him. Matt. 25:40. 5. *Hard*—painful and useless. A proverbial expression denoting that a person's efforts against another will only injure himself. 6. *Shall be told thee*—no sincere inquirer will be left without direction. 7. *A voice*—the sound, but not the words. 8. *Saw no man*—saw nothing; blinded by the glory of that light. 11. *He prayeth*—spoken to reassure Ananias. 18. *Immediately*—by a miracle. 20. *Preached Christ*—Revised Version, "proclaimed Jesus, that he is the Son of God."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What part did Saul take in the martyrdom of Stephen? Of what cruelties was he guilty toward the disciples in Jerusalem? What was the result of this persecution? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. SAUL AS A PERSECUTOR. vs. 1, 2.—What did Saul do? Why did he desire letters from the high priest? What did he propose to do?

II. SAUL MEETING JESUS. vs. 3-9.—What happened when he came near Damascus? What time in the day was this? What was the effect upon Saul? What did he hear? What answer did he give? What command was given to him? What is said of the men who were with him? What did Saul then do? How was his sight affected? How long was he blind?

III. SAUL AND ANANIAS. vs. 10-17.—Who was sent to Saul? What command was given to Ananias? Why was Saul expecting him? What did Ananias answer? What did the Lord say to him? What did Ananias then do? What did he say to Saul?

IV. SAUL AS A CHRISTIAN. vs. 18-20.—What immediately took place? How did Saul confess Christ? By whom was he baptized? ch. 22. What did Saul do after his baptism?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Those who persecute the followers of Christ persecute Christ himself.

2. His grace has power to subdue the stoutest and most stubborn of sinners.

3. True Christians will always seek to do something for Christ.

4. The Lord himself selects and prepares his servants to do his work.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Saul do in his hatred of the disciples of Jesus? Ans. He obtained authority to go to Damascus to arrest and bring them to Jerusalem.

2. What changed his purpose? Ans. The Lord Jesus appeared to him by the way and changed his heart.

3. What did Saul then do? Ans. He went to Damascus, and was there three days without sight and food.

4. For what purpose was Ananias sent to him? Ans. That he might receive his sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

5. What took place at the visit of Ananias? Ans. Paul received sight forthwith, and arose and was baptized.

6. What did Saul do immediately after his conversion? Ans. Straitway he preached Jesus, that he is the Son of God.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ROCKING THE BABY.

I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks and rocks the baby,
In the room just next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and love
In the "baby-by" she hums.

I can see the restless fingers
Playing with "mamma's rings,"
The sweet, little, smiling, pouting mouth
That to her in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings,

I hear her rocking baby
Slower and slower now,
And I hear she is leaving her good-night kiss
On its eyes and cheek and brow

From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start
Could she know through the walls between us
She is rocking on a heart—
While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my empty heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness?

I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine.
And breathe a prayer in silence,
At a mother's broken shrine.
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

THE MOTHER'S MOTIVE AND INFLUENCE.

I am impressed, daily, with the care we must take to train our children in correct physical habits, the infinite patience, the untiring watchfulness a mother needs, to start everything in the right direction, and keep it going in that way. How much greater the need, important as the other is, to start the will and the affections in the right direction, with the right motive power. I am convinced that we cannot begin too early to impress a little child with its relation to, and obligation to the Lord Jesus. Every mother here will, doubtless, recognize the thrill I felt, some weeks since, when kneeling with my little boy to ask Jesus to bless and keep him, as is the nightly custom, the little fellow looked up into my face and said:

"Jesus, me." The first dawning of a gleam of his relationship to Jesus, who, we trust, is to be the Master of his life henceforward. Not a moment could be lost, I felt then, in making love to Jesus and consciousness of duty to him the spring of every motive in his little life. Of course, it is an infinitely slow process, but if that end is in view, it must be a sure one. With this end in view we will not tell our children stories of the Master and what he thought, simply to interest them, but with the express purpose that they may be won to love and imitate. "All religious instruction," says a well-known writer, "should be given to children with a reference to practice. If they are taught that God is their Creator and Preserver, it is that they may obey, love and adore him. If that Christ is their Almighty Saviour, it is that they may love him and serve him." It is with the definite object of making their relations to their God and Saviour the ruling, controlling motive of their lives.

I am sure we must begin very early (how early the dawning intelligence of each child must suggest to each watchful mother) to ask, and to teach them to ask for themselves at each recurring step. What would Jesus do? What would Jesus think?

A mother told me not long since of a little incident in the training of her two sons, who are now grown men, and both faithful and earnest in Christ's service. She heard high voices in the room where they were playing. She went to the door and found them quarrelling. The little fellows, about five and seven years of age, did not desist at her approach; so quietly she asked them the familiar question in that household, "What would Jesus think?" Immediately they burst into tears and asked to be forgiven.

How different from the question so common, alas! in many homes, "What will people think?" That may give a veneer of politeness which hardly bears the test of time. The other, taking hold of the inmost springs of being, and reaching up to the unseen, becomes a deep, abiding and controlling influence.

But Oh! dear mothers, how absolutely essential is it that these be the motives that rule our lives and conduct, if we would in any wise effectually train our children thus.—*Abby C. Laberee, in Christian Intelligencer.*

THE GIRL AWAY FROM HOME.

A girl who leaves home for the purpose of earning a livelihood in another place should connect herself with some church as soon as possible.

If she joins any of the guilds—such as the Girls' Friendly Society, or the King's Daughters, it will afford pleasant companionship, and give her at once a circle of safe acquaintances, who may develop into warm, personal friends. If she stands in need of advice or assistance which the home circle cannot give through letters, she will generally find that her Sunday school teacher, or the wife of her pastor, will be a safe confidant.

In selecting her employment, she should feel that any work that is honest is respectable, no matter how lowly the position. She should not be too ready to shed tears if things go a little wrong, or take offence at criticism. The very fact that a girl is away from friends and home, and unfamiliar with the requirements of her new position, will tend to render her more sensitive than she is naturally, but she should remember that her employer is not expected to take this into consideration, and that her work must be gauged, as a young man's would be, by its real value. An employer has a right to find fault with work that he is paying for, when it is not done as he requires. It is his standard that must be adopted, and no favor should be asked or expected in consideration of her sex.

No expenditures ought to be made that will exceed her income, and no pecuniary obligation incurred to man or woman outside her own kindred.

The average boarding-house, which most girls with homes at a distance are obliged to seek, is not the best place for them, and every effort should be made to obtain board with a private family, or in some place obtained through the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association.

There is one thing needful for every girl to cultivate daily and hourly, whether her home and friends are near her, or far away—and that is her own self-respect. With this as a monitor she cannot go far from right, no matter what her circumstances or surroundings may be.—*Elizabeth March in Household.*

SAVING WORLD.

"You would scarcely believe," said a lady to a caller, who dropped in one morning, "but I haven't swept my parlors thoroughly in three months, at least what we would ordinarily call sweeping them, and I am sure you will agree they don't look it. Of course, I have points in my favor, as there are no children about the house, except these of casual callers; but even then I should not be such a slave to a sweeping-day as most of my friends are. To begin with, I never allow my rooms to get littered up. To be sure, eternal vigilance is rather hard work, but all the same, I think it pays. I never see a scrap of any sort on the carpet without picking it up at the first opportunity. I take pains to keep things as far as possible in their places, and between you and me, what I think is the strongest of all points, I have just as little in my rooms as I can get along with. For years my life was a burden with bric-a-brac and trinkets and ornaments and draperies and fancy articles of every description, which had put in order and dusted and looked after daily. Now I keep within easy reach a very large soft square of flannel. This I wring very dry out of clean water, and once in a while move an article of furniture and wipe the dust off from the carpet under it with this cloth. I never bother myself to go over the whole room at one time, but just keep track of the places where dust is most likely to accumulate. My dusting is done with soft, rather large cloths. I wipe up the dust with the utmost care, working very slowly and between every article I take the cloth to the open door or window and give it a thorough shaking. In this way I not only clear the dust off from the articles in the room, but keep it from the carpet and get it out of the room altogether.

"There is science in everything, even in dusting a room, and I contend, and with a fair array of facts to prove my statement, that if the parlor is properly cared for, one sweeping in a month will answer every purpose. Of course, sitting-rooms and dining-rooms need more care, but then, once a week is plenty, if the dusting-cloth and brush are used with discretion and thoroughness."—*Housekeeper.*

EVERY DAY ECONOMY.

The following is from an article on this subject by Georgia B. Jenks in the *Charities Review*: "We need to learn new ways of making common things palatable. There are many combinations, or rather disguises, to be learned, that transform cooking from commonplace drudgery into the learning and discovery of something new each day. Most people, and justly, too, dislike the old-fashioned bread pudding, but if you transform it into a "queen of puddings" by using ten minutes in making the white of egg into a meringue, and adding a spoonful of jelly, you have accomplished the economical purpose of the bread pudding, and given infinitely more satisfaction to the palate. In the same way a half-cupful of salmon or a cupful of canned tomatoes made into soup, with the addition of a quart and a half of milk and crackers makes a very good fifteen-cent supper or breakfast for four people, while these same ingredients uncombined would be only a very unsatisfactory part of a meal. A crust of bread grated, an egg and a tough piece of steak can be made into very palatable croquettes, the chopping-knife accomplishing what the teeth could not. No one cook-book or person has a monopoly of the ways of making everyday foods palatable, and giving them variety. Time, patience, and thought will find them if one earnestly sets to work to accomplish something in accordance with these plans."

A SAND BAG.

Cold weather is the season for earache, and mothers with young children who are subject to this affliction will find a sand bag almost invaluable, as it will hold the heat a long time, and its composition is such as to render it easily adjustable to the affected part.

Make a flannel bag ten inches square, and fill it with fine, clean sand that has been thoroughly dried in the oven.

Make a cotton bag to draw on over the flannel, as this will prevent the sand from sifting out.

This sand bag will also be found useful in cases of toothache and facial neuralgia. Place it in a hot oven on a plate when you wish to heat it.—*Household.*

USEFUL HINTS.

CONDENSED milk, beaten up with one egg and a little pulverized sugar, will make an excellent filling for cream puff.

USE fresh, green grape leaves to place on the top of pickles in jars, instead of cloth. Change them occasionally.

PURCHASE laundry soap by the box of one hundred pounds and keep in a dry, warm place, and it will become hard and last much longer.

A BRUISE may be prevented from discoloring by immediately applying hot water, or a little dry starch, moistened with cold water, and placed on the bruise.

FOR NEURALGIA make a small muslin bag and fill it with salt; heat it hot, and place it against the aching spot; it will retain the heat for a long time and will greatly relieve.

PUT a teaspoonful of ammonia into a quart of water, and wash your brushes and combs in this, and the dirt and grease will disappear. Rinse well, shake and dry.

TO CLEAR a stove of clinkers put a handful of salt into it during a hot fire: when cold remove the clinkers with a cold chisel.

SELECTED RECIPES.

PANNED EGGS.—Butter patty pans with smooth sides; on the bottom of each, sprinkle a little parsley, then drop in each an egg, and bake in the oven until set.

FRENCH DRESSING.—Mix together (in the following order) one saltspoonful each of salt and mustard, one-half saltspoonful of pepper, three tablespoonfuls of good olive oil, a few drops of onion juice, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

SCALLOPED CORN.—Butter a shallow baking dish and put in alternate layers of corn, seasoned with salt and pepper, and cracker crumbs well buttered, until the dish is full, having crumbs on top. Pour over enough milk to nearly cover it, and bake three-fourths of an hour in a good oven.

EGGS WITH TOMATOES.—One and a half cupfuls of tomatoes, stewed and strained, a pinch of soda, one teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper to taste, six or eight eggs. Heat the tomatoes to the boiling point, add to them the soda and seasoning, then the butter rubbed into the flour. Scramble six or eight eggs and pour around them the tomato sauce. Serve very hot.

FISH HASH.—Boil six good-sized potatoes and one cupful of stripped codfish, together, and while hot chop them fine together with three or four slices of boiled beet. Put the mixture on the stove in a granite stewpan, add a good-sized piece of butter and heat thoroughly with a silver fork. Place on a hot platter in any form desired, garnish with parsley, pieces of beet and carrot cut in fancy shapes, and slices of hard-boiled eggs.

PULLED BREAD.—Put a loaf of light, flaky bread between two pans, and let it heat through in a moderate oven. It will take about twenty-five minutes for this. Take from the oven, and with a fork tear the soft part into thin, ragged pieces. Spread these in a pan and put them in a hot oven to brown. It will take about fifteen minutes to make them brown and crisp. Serve at once on a napkin. Always serve cheese with pulled bread.

PUZZLES NO. 18.

ENIGMA.

My first is in corn but not in rye,
My second is in low but not in high,
My third is in bird but not in bee,
My fourth is in strait but not in sea,
My fifth is in channel but not in bay,
My sixth is in write but not in say,
My seventh is in ear but not in nose,
My eighth is in Nina but not in Rose,
My ninth is in diamond but not in brass,
My tenth is in weed but not in grass,
My eleventh is in story but not in book,
My twelfth is in see but not in look,
My thirteenth is in mouse but not in rat,
My fourteenth is in kitten but not in cat,
My fifteenth is in good but not in bad,
My sixteenth is in glee but not in glad,
My seventeenth is in sorrow but not in sad.
Now if you are not very blind
A friend to children you will find.

L. E. BROOKS.

CHARADE.

My first is inclination. My second is not high.
My third is a fish. My fourth is not wing.
My first and second are pronounced like a kind of tree. My first and third like a word that means disposed. My second and fourth like a word that means threatening.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What three men each slew a lion?
2. What color is first spoken of?
3. Who is the first spoken of as having laughed?
4. What man was slow of speech?
5. What woman first made a vow to give her son to the Lord?

H. E. GREENE.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

My 1, 2, 3 is poisonous; my 2, 3, 4 is a mineral spring; my 2, 3, 4, 5 belongs to a ship; my 3, 4, 5 is a small fish; my 3, 4, 5, 6 is a piece of Turkish money; my 5, 6, 7 is a part of the dress of some people; my 7, 8, 9 is a boy's nickname; my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 grows in the garden.

GEOGRAPHICAL GUESSWHAT.

Miss (one of the United States) (city in Mississippi) and her (river in Ohio) brother (river in Virginia) were invited out one afternoon to a birthday party. For a birthday present (one of the United States) took along a (sea south of the Yellow Sea) (country in Asia) tea set, while her brother carried a (lake in Oregon) handled umbrella. After they had played a (city in England) Bridge, Going to (city in Palestine), and other games, they were called out to supper.

On the table were plates of (celebrated watering-place) chips, (city in New Hampshire) bread with caraway seeds, (bay off the coast of Long Island) patties, and a dish of (country in southern part of Europe) salad. A tongue (islands in the Pacific Ocean), tied with tiny (sea in Asia) ribbon, was placed at each plate. Next came (town in New Jersey) jelly, served in cunning baskets, tied with (sea west of Arabia) ribbon, (river in Michigan) cake, (sea in the north of Russia) grapes, and (city in Virginia) cream.

When supper was over it was late, so they went home at once, saying (cape at the southern extremity of Greenland) with regret.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NO. 17.

DECAPITATION.—Drink, rink.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—

1. P late.
2. H umility.
3. I dols.
4. L ot.
5. I ncense.
6. P laister.—Philip.

ENIGMA.—Original charade.

DROP-VOWEL BIBLE VERSE.—This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.—John 15:12.

WORD HALF SQUARE.—

W H E L M
H A L O
E L M
L O
M

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

H. E. Greene sent one correct answer.

The Family Circle.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The Royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel down and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from Heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—*E. R. Sill.*

AUNT RUTH'S PRESCRIPTION.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

The Dorings had kept a "girl" for general housework, but the family had grown so large and money had become so scarce that they were now doing their own work, even the washing. There was plenty to do, "entirely too much," Elizabeth Doring, the oldest child, could have told you if she had cared to, but that was not her way. She did not complain in words, and yet she might as well have done so, for her face grew very sober and cross and her heart very sore.

If you could have read her thoughts you would have seen something like this:

"I think it is too bad, indeed a perfect shame, that we have to work so hard! It's nothing but drudge, drudge, drudge, from morning until night, from one week to another. There's Rachel Morse—she hasn't a single thing to do about the house. There's Rose Thorn goes cantering every single day on horseback and having such a good time. She doesn't have to bother her head over cooking and pots and kettles and all those dirty old things. Now Mary and I don't have one bit of fun; it's work all day around this old house, and wear our eyes out all the evening over the old mending-basket."

You see Elizabeth was in a bad state of mind, and I know that there are a great many who would have said compassionately, "Poor child! I don't wonder she is so despondent; she has enough to make her so."

But Aunt Ruth Stilwell, who came to make a month's visit in the home of her only sister's motherless children, took a different view from this.

"We must make the best of ourselves," she said, "whatever circumstances the Lord has thought best to surround us with."

"Do you think it was the Lord who thought best to take papa's money away?" asked Elizabeth in surprise.

"Certainly," said Aunt Ruth, smiling.

"I can't see why it was best, when we all need money so much," complained the young girl.

"No, probably not. We cannot always know God's reason for doing things, but we must trust him, believe him to be our loving Father. Now, my dear, I think the trouble with you is that you are too closely confined at home. I intend to give you a prescription. Go out among the people with some loving service; it would comfort your heart and bring peace to your mind."

"I go out among people with loving service!" exclaimed Elizabeth indignantly. "Why, Aunt Ruth, I can't imagine you are talking to me, for you surely know I have no time to spend in loving service outside of my home, or—" and she hesitated, a flush coming into her cheeks—"even in it; it seems to be a forced service."

"But, my child, you love your father and your sisters and brothers?"

"Yes, indeed, I do, but this everlasting work is so hard. I get so tired, Aunt Ruth, you can't imagine how tired."

"My dear girl!" Aunt Ruth's arm stole around her waist in a tender clasp. "Yes, I can imagine how tired you get, and so you will let me finish giving you my prescription, will you not?"

"Oh, I thought that was all there was—to go out in loving service when I am so tired right here at home. What is the rest?"

"To divide the housework."

"I do; Mary and I do it; she does about half of it—not quite,—for she is younger than I am—and I do the rest."

"But that is not what I mean. I would have you divide the work among you seven children."

"You would not expect that the little ones would do the housework, would you?"

"Yes, their share of it. Let me see, you are seventeen and Mary and Ralph are fifteen."

"You don't suppose Ralph would do housework?"

"Certainly. If there is too much work for the girls and money is too scarce to hire help, he ought to do his share. He would too, if you desired it, I am sure, for he is such a sunny-natured boy."

Elizabeth laughed. In her mind she saw her fun-loving brother Ralph washing dishes and cooking, his shirt-sleeves rolled up over his arms.

"And Isabel is thirteen," continued Aunt Ruth, "and Florence eleven; they could wash and wipe all of the dishes."

"But they go to school," said Elizabeth; "they have to hurry as it is, and they always leave their room topsy-turvy for Mary or me to straighten."

"My dear," Aunt Ruth spoke very gently, "you know that all I say to you is in love, so you will pardon me for saying that you make a great mistake in straightening and picking up after those great girls. Please do not do it any longer. If they arose an hour earlier than they do they would find time not only to leave things orderly but to help with the housework. Try it, my dear girl."

"What would you give Jamie and Sarah to do?" asked Elizabeth with a smile. "Jamie is only seven, you know, and Sarah a little past eight."

"Jamie could sweep the walks and put away his own things at least, and Sarah could do much to relieve you. She could shell peas and set table and brush crumbs and a great many other things"

"Aunt Ruth," exclaimed Elizabeth, rising to her feet as this vision of helpers all about her floated before her, "I'm going to try your prescription!"

The weeks flew by until seven had gone into the past. The fretfulness had all faded out of Elizabeth's comely face, and sunshine had taken possession.

"Going out in loving service among the people, dividing the work among the children," that was the prescription, and this is the way it worked. There was no money for "loving service," but there were other things. With a basket of sweet flowers on her arm Elizabeth went out for her Master—thus bringing sunshine to her own soul. Sometimes all the fragrant nosegays were left at the Children's Home, sometimes they were carried to the sick and the poor in crowded tenements. Sometimes they were left in the pale hands of some of Elizabeth's dear friends who were fading out of life. Invariably some lovely message from Elizabeth's lips accompanied them. And in the home Aunt Ruth said it was a sight worth seeing to watch the "Doring Brigade," as she termed the children she loved. Ralph did not wash dishes or cook, but his strong arms turned the wringer and filled tubs and did many a good turn before he wended his way to the "Institute." Isabel and Florence washed and wiped the breakfast dishes every morning before school-time—leaving their room in order too. So Elizabeth and Mary went right ahead with other heavier work with a sense of comfort and relief such as they had not known since their mother's death. Jamie and Sarah did their part too before they went to the kindergarten.

Aunt Ruth had gone home long ago, but to their great surprise, she returned again early in September. She found such a wonderful change in the household that she actually cried for joy.

"You darling girls," she said, embracing Elizabeth and Mary, "you deserve promotion, and you are going to have it," and Aunt Ruth took the reins in her own hands. They were sent to school to finish the education that had been so sadly interrupted by the sickness and death of their mother. They knew how to value it as few girls do.—*American Messenger.*

DRAWN TOGETHER.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

"And now for the quiet afternoon in my own cool snuggery! I've earned the treat, as I've swept the house from attic to cellar, and baked bread and cake to last a while. Dear, dear, this August heat is prostrating, and I have to do for six healthy, hungry people. I am so glad to rest. I'll read my magazine," said Mrs. Byrne, an energetic housekeeper who looked well to the ways of her household.

Mrs. Byrne's knack of "turning off work," making things "go" when she took the helm, was the admiration of many women less capable.

Aware of her "talents," Mrs. Byrne was in danger of losing all sympathy for the unfortunate women who must battle with debility, and stagger under burdens too heavy to be borne by weak shoulders.

Sympathetic women when intent upon comforting the sorrowing, or carrying aid into poverty-stricken homes, were learning to avoid calling upon Martha Byrne for a donation.

Mrs. Byrne looked about her pretty room, all in beautiful order. The costly china and silver toilet articles and the polished granite trimmings of the "handsomest bedroom set in town," were a delight to the beauty-loving eye. The couch and easy chairs were inviting, the window blinds lowered just right to exclude the hot sun, and several new periodicals lay upon a table at hand.

"I hope that no one will call. The children are all in the country, and I mean to rest. I've richly earned it. Why can't every woman have a home like mine? There is a great plenty in this world for those who—work for it. Ah! what is going on across the way?" said Mrs. Byrne, peeping through the blinds, then dropping them with a contemptuously uttered, "It's that funeral! I wonder who will go? That little hovel is a disgrace to this part of the town. Mrs. Warder has no energy; from morning until night all she did was to amuse that baby. I think he drinks. Such neighbors are annoying. If there aren't some of the flower mission ladies going into that house a carrying wreath! Such foolishness, and over a baby, too."

Mrs. Byrne took up her magazine and read, "The poor ye have always with you." She looked out again through the "peep-hole;" an anguished cry startled her. Again she read—"The poor ye"—

Hastily taking up another magazine the words glimmered and danced before her eyes, "The poor ye have always with you."

A south wind wafted into her ears a wail, "Rachel" weeping for her child. Mrs. Warder was indeed one of the weak ones, weak in health and in mind, a double appeal for kindly sympathy.

"And you in your pride and strength withhold even the cup of water, or a hand pressure to this stricken mother," said a spirit voice to Mrs. Byrne.

She looked at the marble clock, which had cost fifty dollars. There was yet time to attend that humble funeral, and speedily Mrs. Byrne was in the despised house.

The father, with white, thin face and the poor mother, both clean and decently attired, sat beside "little Maggie," a pure, sweet flower lying in a cheap casket. Snowy blossoms beautified the bare room and sympathetic women were "looking after things." A tenderness came into the heart of the "capable woman," entirely new to it. With a sweetness born of human love she sang tenderly:

"For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them himsel' to his ain countrie."

The hour spent by Mrs. Byrne in that miserable little room was a blessed one. The crust of self-esteem and selfishness was melted by the sunbeams of pity and love, and a mantle of charity was begun in the loom of human sympathy which would cover a multitude of the faults she had hitherto mercilessly dragged from their hiding places and exposed to view when people failed to "toe the mark."

In a few days after "little Maggie" was laid to rest, Mrs. Warder came timidly into the cheery kitchen where Mrs. Byrne stood at a table mixing a salad. Awkwardly responding to the pleasant greeting, the poor woman said:—

"I—we—that is, my man, thought that I ought to tell you how thankful we were to you—for—for—singin' so lovely for—Maggie. You see—she was—so—sweet—an' precious. My man was most crazy—when—she was took—an' said luck was—agin' us, an' no use to try. I knew that meant he'd go to drinkin' ag'in. Miss, he has beat me—when in drink; that's what ails my head. He hurt it an' I've been confused ever since. He said you was scornful, an' didn't think our baby fit to be buried respect'ble. We hadn't a dollar in the house.

"Jack knows better now; you hain't proud, or you wouldn't have sung so sweet about the little one's being carried in his arms. An' the ladies brought sweet flowers. Jack knows now that you do think we have—souls. He is goin' to try to do better, an' I'm wantin' some washin' or ironin'; I can do linen beautiful. Jack an' me are tired, so tired of half starvin', an' we've looked so often at you, settin' in your porch, dressed so nice. We said it wasn't just—that you should have it all an' us nothin'. Jack said you held yourself above us, but we know now that warn't so, for you cried over little Maggie. You'll tell me how to keep things nicer, for I want the company of my man, since baby's gone. He allus said it warn't any sort of a home to stay in; an' I might have kept it better. I want to work; teach me how."

"I will. Mr. Byrne will help Jack into something to do. A restful, cleanly home, if it be only one room, is what we may all have, if we use our energy," returned Mrs. Byrne.

From that day the little woman has lent a hand in the blessed work of healing the sick and comforting the mourner.

Many have wondered at the friendship existing between Martha Bryne and weak Mrs. Warder, drawn together by the waxen baby hands of little Maggie.—*Union Signal.*

A BISHOP IN AN EARTHQUAKE.

In the course of a thrilling account of the recent terrible earthquake in Japan which Archdeacon Warren sends by mail, a remarkable incident is mentioned. He was entertaining as guests in his house at Osaka, Japan, on the night before the earthquake Bishop Bickersteth and his wife. The Bishop conducted family prayer before retiring and read the ninety-first Psalm: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge, my God in whom I will trust. He shall cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge," etc. A few hours later the earthquake came and the room in which the Bishop had read these words was an utter wreck. A large chimney crashed through the ceiling, smashing the furniture and filling the place with bricks and timber. Had anyone been in the room at the time, death must have resulted. The room in which the Bishop was when the shock came was in another part of the house. That, too, was overtopped by a high chimney which was thrown down. But it fell in a direction opposite to that of the room in which the Bishop was and injured no one. At family prayer the next morning, the Bishop read the same Psalm with a new feeling of its meaning.

AUNT MARTHA AND THE QUEEN.

For fifty years—oh, more than fifty years—I had wanted to come to England and see Queen Victoria. I fell in love with her when she was crowned. We heard of it out in Liberia, and I saw her picture, and we read how good she was to all her subjects, the black ones as well as the white ones. From that time I wished to come and see her, and now I have been. It was with this little speech, writes a lady representative of the *Pall Mall Budget*, that the Queen's Liberian visitor and I commenced our acquaintance on Monday afternoon in a bright drawing-room at Kensington. When we were ushered in, my artist colleague and I, the blinds were down, and for a moment we could not see the old lady. But then, from under the shawls on a couch in the corner peered a bright, black face, and in a moment Mrs. Ricks presented herself to us.

"She's a wonderful old lady, Aunt Martha is," Mrs. Roberts, the widow of the first Liberian President, had told me in the morning. "She is full of spirits, and you'll see how she'll hug you." The words had called up to mind a gorgeous picture in an old edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," where a very stout and tall negress was swinging a wooden soup-ladle in one hand, and "hugging" somebody very fervently with the other. It was not a vision wherewith to conjure at the present moment. But no sooner had the small ebony-faced woman got up than it was gone. So far from being a boisterous, gigantic virago, Mrs. Ricks is a small-featured woman, with a cheery face, and an expression of such simple sweet humility that you forget, the very moment you see her, whether her skin is black or white, and see only the look of loyalty, of singleness of aim, and the expression of quiet happiness, now that the one great wish of a long lifetime has been fulfilled even beyond expectation. We told Mrs. Ricks that the artist would like to make a sketch of her while she told me of her visit to the queen last Saturday afternoon. She was a little bewildered at first; in the morning two great photographers had asked her to honor them with a sitting; she had had visitors, and she had seen a little of Great London. But gently, meekly as a child, she stood there, ready to do anything; to put on what dress of her little stock we might wish, to possibly sit just where we liked. Yes, we settled presently, we would like to see her just as she was dressed when Queen Victoria and all the Royal family received her. And off she went, after putting a great white straw bonnet over her black lace cap, to don those precious black garments, the silk skirt, the short mantilla, and the neat big bonnet. We placed her where the light fell upon her; she was no awkward sitter; there was no posing, no self-consciousness — this strange thing that was happening now was only part of the wonderful events that were happening to her in England.

AUNT MARTHA BEGINS TO TALK.

"Now, Mrs. Ricks, we won't take any notice of the artist; he must just see how he can manage, and meanwhile you'll tell me all about Saturday, won't you? Everybody likes to hear how your great wish was fulfilled after so many years, and everybody will think still more highly than before of our good Queen for granting you your wish so graciously and kindly. Had you been long in England before you saw the Queen?"

"Oh, no, not long at all." She counted the days on her fingers, and then said, with the peculiar accent of the negro tribes, which, though somewhat indistinct, has a musical cadence pleasing to the ear, "It is just a week, only just one week, since I arrived. And I have seen her, and her house, and her country. I cannot quite believe it yet that it is all true. But it is true, and now I do not care how soon the Lord shall call me home; I am ready any day."

THE QUEEN SHAKES HANDS WITH HER.

"How we went down? In the train, on Saturday afternoon, the Liberian Minister, Dr. Blyden and Mrs. Blyden and their daughter, and the little grand-daughter, went with us, and Mrs. Roberts and some other friends. At Windsor two carriages fetched us at the station, and at four o'clock Queen Victoria came and saw me. It was in a golden room; everything was so beautiful, and there were pictures of all the Kings and Queens, and I did not know where to look to see it all. I never heard Queen Victoria come in, but all at once they told me she was there, and they were all coming towards us. I cannot tell you what Queen Victoria said to me; she speaks so softly, but she smiled, and her voice was sweet, and she shook hands with me, only with me. They had told me she never shook hands with people; no Queens did; she never shakes hands with Dr. Blyden, though he is the Liberian Minister; but Queen Victoria really shook hands with me." The brown velvety eyes, so meek and lowly otherwise, and just a little weary at the end of the long working day of life, shone and sparkled with delight. It is wonderful how attractive the face of even an old typical native of Africa can be, with its millions of wrinkles and its border of crisp grey hair, when lit up by the light of happiness and gratitude!

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOUSE.

"Who was with the Queen, Mrs. Ricks? Did I hear Mrs. Roberts say the Prince of Wales was with her?"—"Who, the young man? Yes, he was there. I don't know which of the three gentlemen he was, but they all looked very pleased, and smiled. But I saw the whole Royal family; seven, I think, there were. The Queen Victoria and the whole Royal family; every one of them." Who would have the heart to destroy the happy illusion of the loyal soul and enlighten her on this point? As a matter of fact there were present, besides the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud. "And Queen Victoria looked just as I had always thought she would look, only a little older. She stoops, and I don't stoop, though I am older than she. I am seventy-six. But she has had troubles, great troubles; no wonder her shoulders are bent. She did not stay long in the golden room; when I could think again they had all gone, and I forget what she said, but I shall never forget how she smiled, and how she shook hands with me. After that we were taken all over Queen Victoria's house. Oh, the beautiful, beautiful things of which it was full! And we had dinner in a lovely room, and we saw her chapel, and the place where she sits when she goes to meeting. The chapel will last forever; it looks as if it were built to last always, always. We went right to the top of Queen Victoria's house; she allowed me to see everything, and then we were driven back to the station."

"AUNT MARTHA."

AUNT MARTHA'S QUILT.

"And you brought the Queen a beautiful present, did you not, Mrs. Ricks?"—"At home, when a poor man comes to visit us on our farm, he never comes without some little present. How could I come to Queen Victoria, and bring her no present? I made it all myself, every stitch of it. It was a quilt, nine feet square, of white satin, and on it I had embroidered a coffee tree, in green satin, with branches and leaves and with the berries, some red and some green, and there was a man gathering the coffee, and a border of passion-flowers. Yes, I cut the tree out and made everything myself, to take as a present to Queen Victoria. I took it to Windsor last Saturday, and one of the Royal Family, a gentleman, said he would deliver it. Was it much work? Not too much; and I was happy making it." Think of it for a moment, and compare it with the priceless "bought" presents that are laid almost daily at the feet of Her Majesty. There, in the wilds of West Africa, on her lonely coffee plantation, the old negro woman of three-score-years-and-ten sits year after year and stitches, with hands horny with the honest toil of many a long day, a white satin quilt with a green coffee tree, as a humble thank-offering on the day for which she has waited half a century, when she shall have crossed the great water and seen with her own eyes the "massu," the "head-woman" of the land.

HOME AGAIN! HOME AGAIN!

"And had you really all these years meant to come to England for the purpose of seeing our Queen?"—"Yes, all these years. I had heard it often from the time when I was a child, how good the Queen and the English kings, her relations, had been to my people, to slaves and blacks; how they wanted us to be free, as white people are, and how they worked for us and tried to free us. I was born a slave in America, but my father bought himself and my mother and his seven children off, and we went all back to Africa when I was a child; therefore I have never felt the hardships of slavery. But I have known others who have, and I know what it means. My husband, who has been dead six or seven years, often laughed and said 'Well, when are you off to England to see the Queen Victoria?' and others said the same and laughed at me. I could not afford it then; but I was saving all the time, and at last I had enough. They would not believe it, that I really was going all alone, and said, 'Aunty Martha, surely you are not going to England?' But I did mean to go, and started off alone. It happened that some friends were going, but I did not know that when I went. We came straight to England, but my friends got off in another town—France, I think, they called it—and I came on to England alone by the steamer. I meant to stay till October, but it will be too cold. It is not very cold now, as long as the wind does not blow. But when the wind blows it is as if I were being shot with a ball, so I must go home sooner. And why should I not go? What I looked forward to almost all my life has now come true; now I am ready. I shall work on my farm as long as I can, and when the call comes to go, then there is nothing to keep me. The sooner it comes, the better. All my friends are gone, I have only two stepsons, and those help me on the farm, and I have seen the Queen Victoria."

FINIS.

Again the soft eyes light up, a peaceful look comes into the good black face, the hands lie quietly folded before her as she looks up into the grey English sky. There is a touching poem of Chamisso's describing an old washerwoman of nearly eighty years. She lives alone in her garret; all the week she is at work, and on Sunday morning she takes out her Bible, wraps her white shroud around her, the precious garment she herself has sewn, and in which "soon she will rest in dreamless slumber," and gratefully lifts up her heart to the Giver of life. "Aunt Martha," as she is called by all her friends, is the exact prototype of Chamisso's "Waschfrau;" if ever you have read the poem, or seen one of the many pictures that have been painted in illustration of it, you cannot help comparing the two, and noting, as you look at her, the poet's last lines:—

> And I, when evening shades are falling,
> Would happily go to my rest,
> Had I, like her, fulfilled my calling,
> And stood, like her, life's hardest test.

THE UNWELCOME SCHOLAR.

One of the sore trials of some scholars is the sense that they are not welcome among their classmates. Something about their appearance, or lot in life, excites in their associates the feeling that they are not wanted, and the dissatisfied members have many expressive ways of making it known. They may not tell the unfortunate ones that their company is not desired; but the look, or shrug of the shoulder, or the standing aloof from them, or the curl of the lip, or a hauteur of manner, are sufficient to convey the felt intimation that they are in the wrong place. All this has an unhappy effect upon all concerned, and should, if possible, be avoided. Another has thus described the situation: "Alas for the unwelcome scholar! In many a class there is one who is not wanted by the other members. A working-girl is placed by the superintendent in a class. Up noses go in the air, and the skirts of dresses are gathered up as the poor girl takes her seat. How she feels the falseness that is thrown into manner and speech when they have to do with her! How much these young ladies could do for her if they would! How they could make her heart warm with the assurance that in this Christian place all class distinctions are ignored! But they send her back home with the rankling thought that here, if any thing, she is more despised than elsewhere. Such treatment is likely to send her to the bad, if anything can do so. And how many have upon them the responsibility of the consequences of such snobbish acting none can tell. Alas for the unwelcome scholar! Alas for those who show that she is unwelcome!"—*Presbyterian Observer.*

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued.)*

"And we goes on. And at the end on't, we lay down in our sleeping bags on the snow, and I heard the captain groaning; and old David scrawls near him and lay anigh his feet, and said never a word, for it wasn't for a man to comfort him in that pass. And I believe he never slept—no, naither of them.

"So when we got up, Tom Richards went to the Captain and said, 'Sir, we've tried to do our dooty.' And the Captain says, 'You have all done it—heaven knows you have.' And Tom says, 'And I'm not the man to shirk, but that case of meat has gone mouldy. Likewise Jack Wilson is down; likewise Barret can't walk, his toes being bit; likewise Sampson is a deal worse this morning. There'll be more down to-morror, owing to short commons.'

"And the Captain covered's face with his hands, and bowed his gray head down, and he never spoke. And we was all silent, and stood round waiting; leastways, all as was not on the ground; and it might ha' been a burying we was at. And it seemed like an hour before the Captain spoke, and then he raised his head, and he might ha' been another man, he was so old and gray, and drawn about the face; and he says, 'Lads, I thank you all. No man could do more than you have done. It must end. Lay up the boat against this ridge, and make such a shelter as you can. I ask you for twenty-four hours more, and that is the last thing I will ask for myself as long as I live. I swear it, God help me!'

"And he got up, and began to walk away. And Richards and I, we said, 'Sir, if you do aught, let's be in it.' And he says, 'No; I couldn't ask it. In twenty-four hours I will come back, if I live.'

"And old David trots after him, and says, 'Let old David go along, Captain. He's a deal of life left in him, he has.' The Captain turned round and said, 'I must be alone, I thank you all.' And his head dropped again, and he went away over the top of the hill north'ard. We waited there all that weary day, in cold, hunger and such sickness of heart as pray you may never know, Master Friday. We hadn't the spirit to talk much, but now or then a chap would say a word. It was most about the Captain. Barrett said we didn't ought to ha' let him go by himself, for he'd be lost for certain. And I said he'd never come back, for he was like as if his mind was beginning to wander, and he'd just go walking on and on till he dropped. And old David sat brooding, huddled up all of a heap, like a sick old dog. And so we passed our time, and Sampson died, and I know more than one of us wished we could die just then, and go away as easy as he did. And three hours after he died, the twenty-four was out, and old David stands up, all gaunt and hungry as he was, and says, 'I'm a-going after my Captain. We mout ha' found open water together.'

"And he took three strides up the hill; and with that we saw the Captain standing on the top, and he was standing still and looking to the nor'ard. And David gives a wild sort of cry, and the Captain stares at us, and begins to come down the hill; and when he got among us all, he looked straight before him with a look same as if he saw something we couldn't see, and he says—oh, what a voice it was! so hoarse, and sunk, and quiet, and as it might ha' been a dead man speaking. And he says, 'I have found it.'

"And old David falls a-shuddering and trembling, and says, 'O Lord, have mercy on us all! It's mazed with the suffering he is.' And the Captain raised his head, and looked not so much at us as ayont us, and says, 'I have found it. The open sea with the waves breaking on the shore.' And Richard says, 'Sir, is that so?' And he says, 'It is.' And then he seemed to waken like.

"And David says, 'Then we're after you, sir.' And poor Barret chimes in, 'I can crawl, sir,' And Jack Wilson, lying under the boat, pipes, 'Ay, ay, sir.' What's the orders?'

"And the Captain stood up to's full height, and he was a tall man, too, but latterly a deal bent in the shoulders, and drawn about the face, and he says, 'The orders are, back to the ship. There has been enough suffered for me.'

"And Richards says, 'Sha'n't we do it, sir?' And the Captain says, 'No.'

"So old David starts crying and sobbing, and says, 'I'll carry the boat along for 'e, Captain. It'll kill 'e, sir, if we turns back now.'

"And the Captain's face was all of a deathly white, and he holds up his head high, and says, 'I could not do it. Water from the well of Bethlehem.'

"I didn't rightly know what he meant then, but I read it after in the Book, and now I know."

"And didn't you go on?"

"No, sir, we did not. We couldn't barely crawl, and the Captain ordered us back to the ship."

"And had he really found the open water?" asked Friday, with the tears running down his cheeks.

"Ah, sir, that's known to no one but God A'mighty. Some on us thought his mind wandered with grief, but some on us, and David was one, said he had found it, and seen it there by himself, and come back to us. I think myself he had found it, Master Friday, and he'd turned back for our sakes, as it might be at the p'int of success. But however it might be, his heart was broke. Ay, his heart was broke; and when I come to think it over afterwards, it seems to me like as if he was braver when he laid his heart down and turned back, than ever before. Ay, ay! cold, and hardship, and hunger, and exposure, were light to him; but there come heavier, and then he broke his heart of his own free doing, and a man couldn't well do more."

"And you went back?" said Friday, sobbing.

"We did, sir, and I never goes to sleep of nights without praying I mayn't dream of that journey. We couldn't sleep for cold, the men dropped down one by one, and at last we hadn't the strength to pull the boat; and then it come to so many being sick that we couldn't go forward, and we just lay where we was. And there we wintered, and lived through the dark in a sort of holo place we made under the shelter of the boat, and put a tent over the face of it. No words I could say to you, Master Friday, would tell you what that time was. We'd only a few stores left now, and some mouldy, but we ate 'em; ay, and thankful. We ate a many of our clothes before the end, and moss stuff as we scraped off the rocks. We used to lie with our sleeping bags froze to the ground, in general without light, the place frosted over. And the scurvy come again, and we buried so many in the ice that we began to think who'd bury the last man. The Captain kept us up, he read a deal out of the Book to us at that time, and always over the dead; and at last there was only nine on us left, and then Johnny Morris fell sick. He'd shammed sick for two days to make a weaklier man take his share of rations. He couldn't get him to take 'em at first, so he shammed sick. He said poor Wilson had a wife at home, and he hadn't none; and he saved him too. Wilson lived to go home to her."

"Wasn't Johnny Morris a hero, don't you think?" said Friday.

"He was, sir; it's no matter whether a man's great or small if he cuts hisself short in any way and suffers true and patient, then he's a hero to my mind; and so he fell sick in downright earnest; he was a fine lad, was Johnny. Such a great, strapping fellow, and he lay there as gentle as a child, and that uncomplaining that it was a lesson to us all; and the Captain would sit by his side and hold his hand, and read to him."

"Out of the Book?"

"Yes, sir, and say hymns and such. I mind one time, Johnny was a bit wandering, and he kept saying a scrap of a hymn as run in his head, and asking of us to finish it and none on us could. It was a piece out of "Jerusalem, my happy home," a old hymn as I reads of Sundays. He kept on a-saying that about Thy gardens and Thy gallant walks, and asking for the next verse.

"And the Captain comes in, it having been his turn to go and scrape for moss. And he hears the talking and he says, 'What is it, Johnny?' and Johnny says, 'What comes after Thy gardens and Thy gallant walks?' My head seems light like.'

'And the Captain took off his cap, and just says, as simple as if he'd been a lad at school—

"Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow.
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow."

"And after that Johnny fell asleep, and slept very peaceful, and bye-and-bye the Captain laid his hands together, and said he was gone. We buried him in the ice, and the Captain read over him, and gave thanks for his blameless life. I mind his words well."

"I think dear Johnny Morris was worthy, Zachary," said Friday.

"I think he was, sir, worthier than me. We missed him sorely, too; well Johnny was the last to go then, for by that time the worst of the winter was over, and the rest of us being able to crawl, the Captain thought we might reach the ship. So we left the boat, for we couldn't drag her, and we crawled toward home, for we'd called Fort St. George so all the winter. Ah, but how we used to talk about it, and think of our mates, and cheer ourselves up with it; it was only that as got us back across Desolation Land. Well, we got nearer, and at last we come to the bit of hill where you could see the flagstaff. And Tom Richards was ahead, and he got up the slope, and stood; and then he come down towards us with a face like a sheet, and he says, 'Captain, the flag's down.'

"And old David sets off wild-like up the hill, and we after him; but he was first, and then he comes and falls down by the Captain's knees, and sobs and sobs, and says, 'If I could die for ye I would! if I could die for ye I would!' And the Captain says very gently, 'I know you would spare me, David, tell us the worst.'

"And David says, 'Captain, the ship's gone.'

"And the Captain goes on his knees where he stood, and says, 'O God and Father Almighty, grant Thy children faith and patience.' And that was all. Never a word of a murmur, and we set ourselves to be same as he. And then we'd learnt to take things very quiet in that winter; maybe we hadn't just the strength to fret. Ay, the ship was gone."

"And didn't she come back?"

"No, sir, she never came back, we never had a word or sign; a man can only guess, but we thought she'd been nipped in the ice and when it began to crack after the winter, she'd been carried away and gone down. We never saw so much as a splinter of her, nor ever saw the men aboard of her, that was the end of her, and it had liked to ha' been our end. Well, when we'd got over it a bit, we asked the Captain what we was to do next; and he said the only chance was to go back to the boat, and to put out down the Sound as soon as it was fully open, and trust to the ship picking us up, as was to call some time in the summer. And that's what we did; we crawled back to the boat and tugged her to the Fort. Eh, but some men can live through a deal, and them as went first was happiest.

"Well, we'd got halfway back on the return journey, and we was tugging on, nigh played out, when old David just lets go the rope, and lays him down quiet on the ground. And he says, 'Captain, I'm done at last.' And the Captain says, 'Couldn't you hold out a little longer, David, for love of me?' And he says, 'Ay, could I, but I'm called.'

"So we lifted him into the boat, and wrapped him up, and went on. He was quite clear to the last, he was, but he had all his queer notions strong on him; and one was, he prayed us to bury him under some sort of a tree. For he said he'd been used all his life to the wind in the rigging, and he should sleep the sounder for hearing it still. So we went on, and one day's march from the Fort, it come. Said he heard the Captain's open water a-breaking on the shore, and so saying he died. And we found a poor thing of a willow, but it was a tree, and the Captain read the book, and we left him there.

"And it was in that return journey my foot was frost-bit. But we got to the Fort, and the Sound being open we trusted ourselves in that little boat, and put out, seven on us, and all the food we had left, and then it began to fail, and we hadn't the strength to care where the boat went, and we just lay and drifted, and waited to die.

"And it was so the Captain was called.

"So after that we was only six. And we got fast in the pack, and drifted southard, and we lost count of the days and Hughie Powell lay in the bottom of the boat, and never stirred hand or foot, and I laid alongside. And I thought I was going, and I hoped I were, and then as it might ha' broke in on a dream, I heard old Tim Sanderson a-saying, 'Glory be to God for ever and ever!' and Tom Richards burst out a-sobbing, and I opens my eyes, and the Dance' boat was alongside."

"And afterwards Hughie Powell died?"

"He did, sir. One day out from Upernavik, and he was buried at sea."

'In Master John Davis' ship there was a young man who died, and so, according to the order of the sea, with praise given to God by service, he was laid in the sea. And if you please," said Friday humbly, "could you tell me about Captain John dying, unless you mind very much?"

"*It isn't a thing a man can tell very* steady, sir. He was dying for three days, and we'd naught for him, for it was giving up his rations to us as had brought him down.

"He rambled a deal, though too aged to struggle, but it wasn't about his open water. He seemed to ha' gone back to his boy's days again, and he talked constant about his home, and said he heard Calderwood bells ringing clear and sweet. And on the third day, about evening, he was himself again, like as if he woke; and he said he had got his discharge. And he thanked us all, ay, so he did," said Zachary, with tears running unheeded down his rugged cheeks. "And he lay quite spent, and just smiled at us, and all the trouble seemed cleared away, and he might ha' been a little child falling asleep. It puts me in mind of that proverb of your'n, Master Friday."

"'A passage—perilus—makyth—a port—pleasant,'" said Friday, between his sobs.

"Ay! He was tired out, and near that blessed, blessed port. And he asked us if we could say a prayer for him, to commend his soul. And Tom Richards, as was holding him up in his arms, says, 'I dont know any by rote, sir, only Our Father.'

"And the Captain says, 'Say it, for no man could have a better.'

"And Tom Richards started to say it, and when he come to 'Thy will be done,' the Captain says, 'Pray that again for me, for I've been learning that lesson all my life, and not got it by heart yet. I'll learn it perfectly by-and-by.' And Tom went on to the end.

"And the Captain says, 'Amen.' And we saw he was going, and he says, 'Into Thy Hands, O Lord.' And then again, 'Amen.'

"And his good gray head fell back; and he didn't need Tom's arms no longer, for I think myself he was in God's.

"And so the old rag of a flag we'd kept through all, we wrapped about his body, with the old anchor, and laid him in the waves till the Kingdom come. And Tom Richards read the Book over him, and we thought on what the Captain had said over Johnny Morris, and we give thanks for his life."

"With praise—given—to God—by service," sobbed Friday.

"Ay, ay. For we'd need give praise for such a life as that. He give up his desire, and it broke his heart; but surely he had his comfort at the last. Him so brave, and so cheerful, and patient, and he never had no reward here, for no one knew him. And so God A'mighty took him, for I reckon He knows us all."

(To be Continued.)

DANGER OF SULKS.

Discipline of the right kind is as good mental training as arithmetic. It is not of the right kind unless it requires intellectual effort, mental conquests. An experienced official in an asylum was led to make the following remark by seeing a girl give way to the "sulks." "That makes insane women," she remarked, and told the story of a woman in an asylum who used to sulk until she became desperate, and the expert said, "You must stop it. You must control yourself;" to which the insane woman replied, "the time to say that was when I was a girl. I never controlled myself when I was well, and now I cannot."

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER VI.

At the end of the garden behind grandmother's house was a high brick wall. This represented the bounds of the known world, and beyond it were travels. The wall was Ultima Thule, and the other side was *Terra Incognita*.

Hitherto, Friday's wanderings had been restricted to walks in the dusty lanes round the village, and there was very little adventure to be met with in them. His greatest journeyings had been an occasional walk with George, and though, of course, it was a most honorable and distinguished thing to walk with George, still there was an inequality in legs that George was apt to forget, and the panting and scurrying might be set down more to the glory of the thing than the pleasure of it. As for Martha's escort, you went out of every-day iron gates, you trailed up the lane behind her, without any opportunities for exploration; at the toll-bar you generally turned back; she said you straggled behind all the way home, and drove you before her through the iron gates to tea in the schoolroom.

There were no dragons in the lane, no unicorns, none of that mysterious race of "men with one legge only, yet of great swiftnesse," no people with "tayles," no strange fowls called "Roch, of incomparable bigness," no Lady of the Land, no El Dorado, no ice-pack, not a sign of the White Island. But the wall at the end of the garden suggested something beyond, and the one door in it, always locked, made adventures really probable. Friday used to stand before it and think about it, until he ached to go through. But it was always fast; and not possessing a key, one can only bid a lock open by magic, and so far Friday had not found a suitable enchantment, wide as had been his researches in the very oldest books in grandmother's house. Once he asked Zachary what was on the outside of the door, and thought he could have nothing left to desire if it should be the kingdom of Prester John, where there are so many marvels that it were too long to put in a book. But Zachary said, "Why, sir, only the wood."

Friday was rather older now, and scarcely expected promiscuous kingdoms to lie so very contiguous to grandmother's grounds, but still there are things in woods, which nobody can deny.

And the mere fact of the locked door gave the wood a travelly atmosphere that Friday yearned to breathe. He felt that the wood explored, he should be fitted to undertake a voyage very soon.

One day, in the long drowsy afternoon, Friday came slowly down the garden, looking for Zachary. He carried Crusoe in his arms, and wore no hat, because the peg in the passage was rather high for short legs. Up and down the walks he rambled, and among the shrubs, but no Zachary was to be found. He was not in the rose-arbor, he was not immersed to the waist in the cucumber-frame, he was not even behind the scarlet runners. Perhaps he was under the warm wall? Friday went to see. No, he was not, but!—Friday stood transfixed, and involuntarily embraced Crusoe until he howled for very anguish.

"Crusoe, it's open!" said Friday.

It was indeed. Only a few inches, but that was no matter.

"We'll look!" said Friday, thrilling with excitement; and stealing on tip-toe, he pushed the door a little further, and Crusoe and he peeped into the wood. It did seem remarkable like the place where Zachary got the leaf-mould for the potting-house; and perhaps that accounted for his prosaic view of it, but to Friday it was a vision of delight.

The trees were beeches, springing in all their grace up the side of a high bank, and a little path straggled up the slope between the underwood and broad flakes of fern. Friday stood on the threshold of his travels, and looked, until the mystery of the wood crept into his soul. He took a step forward and stood under the trees. To Crusoe the air was decidedly rabbity, and he snuffed it with growing excitement. Friday set him down on the ground; and Friday, wandering on in a beautiful dream, and Crusoe in the van rolling up the path, like a woolly barrel, they set out on their travels.

It was a charming little wood indeed. The arms of the beeches crossed overhead, and the fern at their feet rose waist high. There were rabbits below and squirrels above, and birds everywhere. The pigeons were cooing in the heart of the copse, and a white butterfly flitted between the smooth boles, and seemed to beckon Friday forward. He went on and on, because it was too lovely to be hurried over, in an enchanted land where Mrs. Hammond and Martha, and tea and bed, were all left behind and forgotten. Crusoe was enjoying it too, in a somewhat low and earthy manner; his bodily self was not visible, but his course could be traced by the agitation of the waving fern, as he madly smelt hither and thither. They went up the path; Friday, a quaint little figure in a summer linen suit, taking slow steps, one by one, now wading in the fern till only his head could be seen, now emerging as the path twisted, blinking through his long eyelashes at the chequered lights as they played on his uncovered hair and upturned face.

But before Friday reached the crest of the slope he heard the garden door bang in the distance, and somebody come running up the path. And then the somebody called from behind, "Hullo, little 'un, what are you doing here?"

The spell was broken. Friday turned round; George was striding up the slope.

"I say, what are you doing here?"

"We only came to look," said Friday, "Crusoe and me."

"Well, Crusoe and you must go back. You must not stop here."

"Oh, George!" said Friday.

"No, you must not. I am going through the wood, and I can't stop with you. And you must not stay by yourself. Sir John is shooting here."

"He won't shoot me, George."

"There might be an accident. I daren't let you stop, Friday. Come, cut back to the garden, like a good little chap!"

Friday rarely if ever stooped to entreaty; and to him a thing said was a thing meant. He only made one appeal.

"George, need I?"

"Yes, you need. Cut back at once before you get into a row," said George. And Friday went without another word.

"That's a good little 'un," said George encouragingly; "take Crusoe with you."

"May I stop and call him?" asked Friday.

"Yes, of course."

"May I wait till he comes?"

"Yes; but you will go back to the garden?"

"Yes, George."

"And you won't go a step farther into the wood?"

"No, George."

"On your honor?"

"Onmyhonnor," said Friday, and turned round and began to descend the path. George ran on through the trees, and presently his foot-falls died away. So Friday went back on his steps down the woodside. His eyes were full of tears, but he would not let himself cry, from a sense of duty, only he went very slowly and quietly, with his head bent. Half-way down the bank he called Crusoe, but his voice was not in very fine order, and Crusoe did not come, so Friday went on down the slope, with a swelling heart, and a trembling lip.

"It was so very nice," he said to himself, "and I wasn't being naughty."

His feet dragged dreadfully over the last few yards, but he reached the door. It was shut, George had banged it behind him. The wood on this side the wall was lower than the garden, and not even by the utmost stretch of which Friday's tip-toes were capable, could he touch the latch.

"I'll wait here for Crusoe," he said, and sat down on the ground.

It was not a very easy thing to sit at the edge of that beautiful wood, and look into its trees, and hear its birds—and have no bar between. And yet it was barred to Friday as effectually as if he had been on the other side of the wall. He was not exactly sure that he fully knew what "onmyhonnor" meant, but he believed it was the most promising promise a person could make.

"It makes me feel naughty to look at the wood," he said, sighing, "I might look at the wall."

So he turned his back on temptation, and established himself cross-legged, with his face to the wall, so close that he could follow out the markings of the bricks with his forefinger, by way of something to do.

"It was so very nice," he kept saying to himself; "but I said onmyhonnor."

He wished the door were open. It was better in the garden than being here where he might go no farther. It would even have been better if Crusoe would have come. But Crusoe was lost in the heart of the copse, and there was nothing for Friday to do but to wait for him, and then to wait till George came back.

And so he waited and waited, and thought about the time when, being a grown-up explorer, nobody would send him back, be it in a wood or on a sea. But he waited a long time, and no George came, and truant Crusoe had forgotten him. And then the stable-clock struck, and it occurred to Friday that George might have passed through the wood and gone out by the other way. Perhaps he had better knock at the door; Zachary might be at hand within. So he knocked until his knuckles were sore, but Zachary did not hear, and there was no sound but the echo of his own knockings.

"I am rather tired here," said Friday sadly; "I wish I had a book. I will think about all the shut-up people I can remember."

Here was quite a wide field for research—all the travellers who had been shut up, and unable to escape. First, there were all the people on desert islands, but very often they made boats, and they always had something to do. The cases were scarcely parallel.

(To be Continued.)

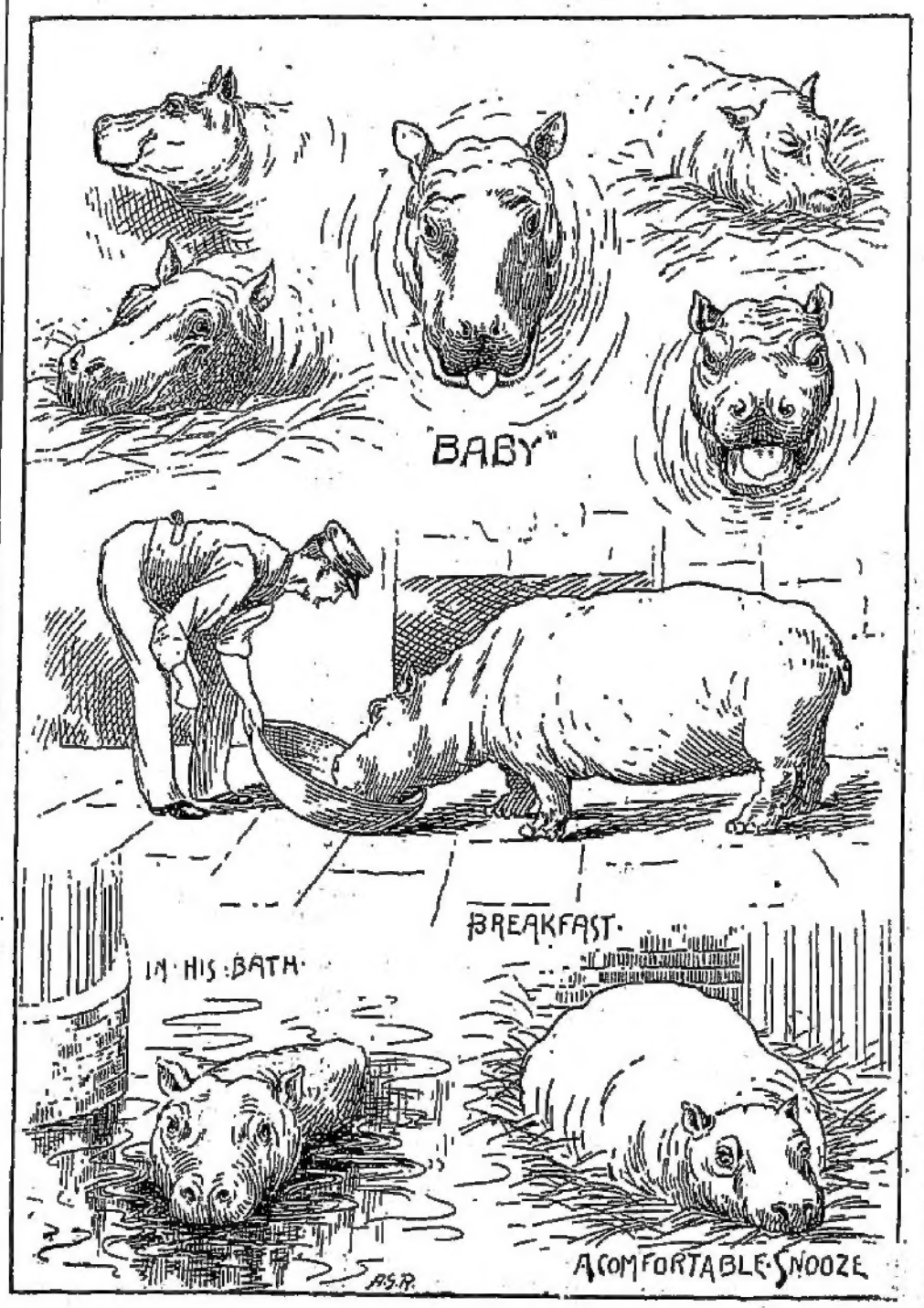
CUNNING GULLS.

An example of the cunning of gulls was observed at Tacoma, when several alighted on a bunch of logs that had been in the water for a long time, with the submerged sides thick with barnacles. One was a big gray fellow, who seemed to be the captain. He walked to a particular log, stood on one side of it close to the water, and then uttered peculiar cries. The other gulls came and perched on the same side of the log, which, under their combined weight, rolled over several inches. The gulls, step by step, kept the log rolling until the barnacles showed above the water. The birds picked eagerly at this food, and the log was not abandoned until every barnacle had been picked.

THE BABY HIPPO.

I have just been, writes a London correspondent, to pay my respects to the "baby" in the hippopotamus-house, and a wonderfully fat and pink and healthy infant he is. His ride from Antwerp in a box was attended with no bad after effects, and he has made himself quite at home in his new apartments, where the tapirs have heretofore lived, and seems to be bearing up well over the separation from his mother. Though only a trifle over ten months old, he weighs an odd six hundred pounds, and is in every particular save size the very image of the old female in the next room. However, he is much livelier, and is every inch a youngster in curiosity and mischievousness. The sparrows that come in through the window to pick up considerable crumbs amuse him greatly, and he runs after them with evident expectation of catching them, and is surprised that he fails. Sometimes, too, when he is not particularly hungry, he enjoys chasing the keeper out of the cage, though usually they are on the best of terms, and he allows his gums and recently-cut teeth to be rubbed with impunity. His food is given him thrice a day only, and his allowance at present consists of two quarts of milk, a two-gallon porridge of bran and barley, and a bucket of finely-chopped grass at each meal. This he eats from a large wooden bowl, which the keeper holds to prevent his overturning it.

Notwithstanding the many naps he indulges in during the day he stays a-bed all night as well—sometimes his couch is straw litter and sometimes the tank. On a cold night the water is the warmest place, and with the end of his nose only above the surface he will sleep as soundly as any other baby in its cradle.



STAR PICTURES AND STAR LESSONS.

(From the Child's Companion.)

XI.

We began our lessons with finding out a bear or a part of it in the sky; we will end by finding a lion. Leo is the group; and in it I shall show you a figure of a sickle with its handle. You have seen a rounded reaping-hook, and if you take six counters you can place them like those in the picture which resemble a small sickle. At the handle of the sickle is the brilliant white star called Regulus.

Fig. 18.

A line drawn from Castor to the lowest pointer of the Plough will make the base of a triangle, and when the side lines from the two points of this base line meet, they will point out Regulus; and from it you will easily trace the figure of a sickle (Fig. 19).

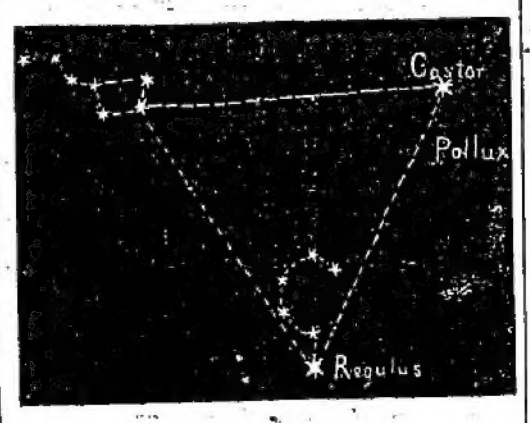


Fig. 19.

We have now gone through ten constellations and learned the names of several stars therein. Of the constellations we have named—Ursa Major, Cassiopeia, Auriga, Lyra, Cygnus, Corona, Taurus, Orion, Gemini, and Leo.

And now as I mention the stars I hope you will be able to say in what group each is to be found. Mizar, Vega, Capella, Aldebaran, Regulus, Castor and Pollux.

These lessons are but as one drop from a shoreless sea. Good old Sir Isaac Newton, at the close of his long life of study, said that he felt then only like a boy who had picked up a few pebbles on a sea-shore, while all the great unknown ocean lay yet before him.

We see these things now as if "through a glass, darkly." We know only in part; but hereafter, in the home beyond, we cannot doubt but that "our Father" who stretched out the heavens, and whose Spirit garnished them, will to his children answer the prayer which old Job prayed centuries ago, and which is the prayer of God's children still—"That which I see not teach thou me." (Job. xxxiv. 32.)

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

Thus spoke David thousands of years ago; and probably all who have studied the heavens at all, whether with the naked eye or with the aid of a telescope, have had feelings similar to those of the inspired Psalmist.

When we compare ourselves with the vast space around us, occupied by heavenly bodies, of whose size we can form no idea, we must feel overwhelmed with awe at the power of God. How small we are! how small is even this earth on which we live, compared with the other mighty worlds of God's creation!

Is it not wonderful to think that the great Creator of the universe, who "spake and it was done," should feel an interest in each one of us, and should allow and encourage us to call him our Father? The sun, moon, and stars obey his commands; should not we, his children, render him loving obedience, and strive to do his will on earth, "as it is in heaven?"

ROOFS IN SYRIA.

What would you think of a house without a garret, cellar, or chimney?—without a place in which to stow away old bonnets and dresses and trunks, where little girls can go and play on rainy days, and cats can chase funny little mice; without a cellar where boys can go on rainy days and build bridges, and railways, and work as carpenters; without a chimney into which to run a stove-pipe, or where the swallows can hide.

But I want to tell you something about roofs, and I must not wander too far from my text. The Syria of to-day is a poor land. The people are poor, and cannot send all over the earth to bring whatever they need from other lands. So they use very few nails in building houses, and almost no sawed lumber. Dirt is cheaper and easier to obtain than quarried stone; so they use dirt in making the walls and roofs.

The ordinary way here in Zahleh is to build only one, or at most two, walls of stone, and all the rest of mud bricks. The reason for one or two stone walls is that the mud bricks will not stand the winter storms. They build the south and west walls of stone, since the heavy storms always come from the south and west. If you looked at Zahleh from the west, you would see a well-built town of stone houses; but when you came round to the east, you would see nearly all mud walls, which are much poorer and more untidy. Yet the people say the mud walls are safer when earthquakes come. Our house has only one stone wall. The room in which I am writing has four mud walls, and is badly cracked in several places.

When all things are ready, and the walls are up, they go about making the roof in this way. The long poplar beams are cut into proper lengths, and lifted up by many men to their places, being ranged about two feet apart. If the beams are long and the room large, they usually put a very large beam for a girder, and support this by a stone or wooden post in the centre of the room. After the beams are up, they fill in between the ends with mud and stones to keep them steady. Then they bring the branches, or split pieces, and arrange them as closely as possible, in order to keep the clay and dirt from falling down into the house. If the roof is to be a very good one, you must also bring thousands of dry reeds, and place them the opposite way of the small branches or split pieces, and these help to hold the clay. Next comes the piling on of the thorns, and the trampling down to make them pack closely; and after this the roof is ready for the clay and earth. The first layer is usually wet before being put on, so as to mat more closely with the thorns. I am sorry to say that people usually choose a Sunday to do the remaining work on the roof. People are then standing round with not much to do, so the man who is building the house invites all his friends to come and help to finish the roof. They come, fifteen or twenty of them, and, with great noise and singing, they carry or draw the clay up in baskets, and trample it down by dancing over it, all the while singing and shouting. When they have put on a foot of closely pressed clay, the roof is done, and it needs only the rain and the roller to make it ready for winter. The owner of the house buys a stone roller about two and a half feet long and a foot thick, and weighing about two or three hundred pounds. To this is fitted a rough handle; and when the first rain comes, he must be very industrious by night and by day, and go up to trundle that roller back and forth many hundred times, pressing down the damp earth until it become very hard, and able to shed the water.

Now, the passing of this roller over the roof is like thunder, and corresponding to the rain is a showering of dust and fine clay; and this continues for years in all except the very best roofs. In many cases water comes down also, but never very clean. For when the roofs are wet and soaking, if a cold night comes, and freezes the water, it tears up the clay at a great rate. When the sun softens the frost and ice, then the roller must be used; and it is like squeezing water from a sponge.

This rolling must be done every time it rains, and it is a curious sight when the first shower comes after sunset. There is a noise of shouting, and on every roof is seen a lantern or lamp which looks like a firefly. The wooden handles creak and groan, and the people shout to each other in sport. This sometimes takes place at two o'clock after midnight, and then there is very little sleep for any one the remainder of the night.

These roofs require constant care all through the winter, and whenever the snow falls it must be shovelled off, and the roof given an extra rolling. The weight of the snow and the wet earth is enough to break timbers; and not a winter passes without such calamities, in which men, women, and children lose their lives.

Nearly every roof leaks. I have seen water dropping in fifty places at once in our bedroom, at three o'clock in the morning; so that at length, at great cost and trouble, we bought tiles and covered one side of our house, so that now four rooms are under tiles, and four rooms are not. In winter we live largely in the four tile-covered rooms, and leave the others to leak, having covered the furniture with quilts and rubber blankets.

Of course, such roofs are flat, with only slope enough to carry the water off. And the uses to which these roofs are put are varied. You can easily understand how they tore up the roof in the house where Christ was, to let the sick man down. All such houses have only one story, and there is always an easy way to reach the roof. If the house is on a hillside, there is a path leading up, and the roof is accessible to chickens, goats, sheep, and children. Boys go to the roofs to fly kites. When anything happens, like a wedding or funeral, people all run up to the roofs to see what is going on. In New York, a cat on the roof is confined to one block; but in a city like Sidon a cat can go from one side of the city to the other on the roofs. The result is, many cats, many fights, many concerts, and many cats visiting your house. People use the roofs also for drying everything such as wheat, raisins, figs, onions, and whatever needs the sun. In summer they carry up their beds, and sleep there; and it is an amusing sight to look at the town at day-break on a warm summer morning.

Any one walking over a village roof sends down a shower of dust and mud. I lived two summers in a village named Jezzin, and one of my duties before sleep every night was to shake and brush the dry mud out of my bed.

I had another experience in the same village which came near costing many dollars. I then owned a favorite horse named Rob Roy. He was a beauty, and very tractable and gentle; but he had one fault,—he would slip his halter and go wandering away. One warm August day he rubbed his halter off, and went walking out of the yard, and before he knew it, was on the roof of a neighbor's house. I wonder if you ever saw a horse on the top of a house? Well this particular roof was very old and rotten, and before Mr. Rob had gone very far his hind legs went through, and he was in a bad plight. Little boys came running and shouting, and frightened him all the more.

No one came to tell me; and so poor Rob could only kick and plunge until he had made a hole so large that he dropped through into the man's house below. There never was a worse frightened horse than Rob Roy was that day. I came running to the rescue after he had disappeared, and when I ran to the door I expected to find him with broken back or legs; but there he was, standing safe, and looking as ashamed and sheepish as any horse could. Fortunately for him, he landed on a pile of clippings of grape-vines, which the owner of the house had brought from his vineyard for winter fuel. Now, if a horse could so easily get up on a roof, and so easily and safely descend to the house below, we can see how easy it was for those who let the sick man down to where Jesus was.—*Rev. F. E. Hoskins, in Sunday School Times.*

THE MAN who goes around comparing himself to other people, to their disadvantage, is in small business.

SABBATH-KEEPING IN NEW GUINEA.

Some years ago a native teacher in New Guinea was greatly annoyed while preaching by the sound of hammering, which came from a small store near the church. It was a white man who had been desecrating the Sabbath. The teacher, a stalwart Rarotongan, could not read English, but knew enough to find chapter and verse of the Fourth Commandment in an English Bible. With the Bible open in his hand he strode up to the white man, and pointing to Ex. xx. 8, roared out, "Read that!" The white man tried to pass it off as a joke, but the teacher was terribly in earnest. The man saw he was very angry, and moreover a very muscular Christian, so he took the book and meekly read the long-forgotten words: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Then followed a short but very vigorous sermon in broken English. "Your country sent my country the Bible, and we learn to make Sunday, then I come here, and bring the Bible, teach New Guinea people Sunday, and you say he no good. What for you make me a liar?" Needless to say that there was no more hammering in that store on a Sunday afternoon.—*Exchange.*

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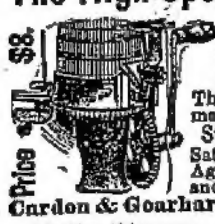

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